



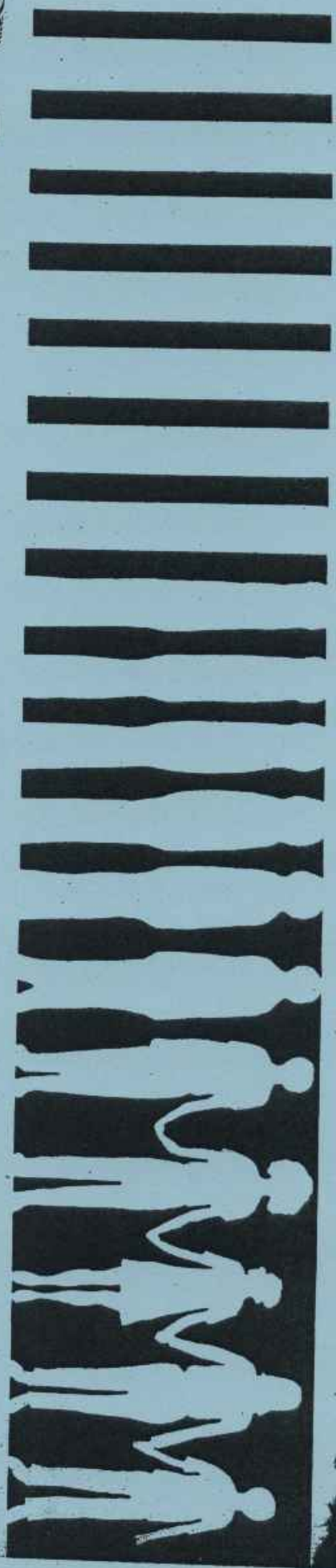
# ANTIFA IN PRISON



Prison, we have been taught, is a necessary evil. This is wrong. Prison is an artificial, human invention, not a fact of life; a throwback to primitive times, and a blot upon the species. As such, it must be destroyed.

*by*

ERIC  
KING



**ERIC KING**, a vegan anarchist, was arrested and charged with an attempted firebombing of a government official's office in Kansas City, Missouri in September 2014 in the wake of the Ferguson Uprising. Eric was charged with throwing a hammer through a window of the building, followed by two lit Molotov cocktails.

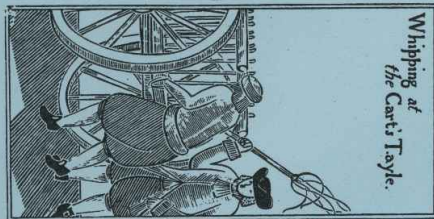
Eric was identified as a suspect by local police because he had previously come under suspicion for anti-government and anti-police graffiti.

On March 3, 2016, he accepted a non-cooperating plea agreement to one count of using "explosive materials to commit arson of property used in or affecting interstate commerce." On June 28, 2016, he was sentenced to ten years, the statutory minimum and maximum for the charge he plead guilty to. Eric has been detained at CCA Leavenworth (Kansas), FCI Florence (Colorado), and back again. His release date is June 2, 2023.

Write to Eric at:

Eric King #27090045  
USP Leavenworth  
U.S. Penitentiary  
P.O. BOX 1000  
Leavenworth, KS 66048

Learn more about Eric at [www.supportericking.org](http://www.supportericking.org)



radicalpaper.tumblr.com

"While there is a soul in jail, I am not free."

-Eugene V. Debs

We are not condemned to live in crime—fear, oppression, constriction, depression, joblessness, sickness. We have the power to create, and we must free that power as it has never been freed before. And, as it always has, once freed, it will offer us a world of inconceivable wonder.

—The Action Committee, Walpole Prison, NEPA News, April/May 1975

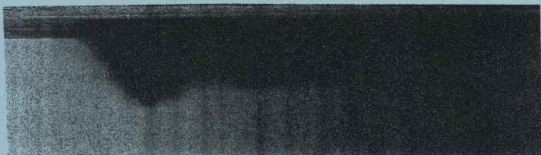
## WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE TO BE ANTIFASCIST IN FEDERAL PRISON IN 2019? IT MAY NOT BE WHAT YOU THINK.

If you picture coming into the feds with your fist swinging, taking on every racist, swastika wearing trash you see, that is not a reality. That line of thinking will get us nowhere. Racism at the federal level is very real and played out in a very archaic way. At CCA Leavenworth I pictured going into ANY spot guns blazing, taking on bigots in a very macho, aggressive, violent way. At CCA that was actually somewhat doable, even at Englewood-FCI (low security) it was somewhat a reality because you could dog them out and clown them for their ridiculousness...the reality is though, that the higher up in custody you go and the further west coast you end up, the more serious the game gets and the less likely you are to be able to express your own antifascist ideas without facing some serious backlash.





Everything is racially divided here. Where you eat, when you work out, where you sit, what TV you watch, who cuts your hair, who you live with, who you play games with. For me this was super difficult at first because it felt like a betrayal of who I was. There isn't any bucking this—it's shitty and gross but it's real and VERY serious. No one is going to make an exception and disrupt prison order for the one anti-racist. Having good politics doesn't make you exceptional or above the others. Being antifascist doesn't make you a teacher, a preacher, a savior; this horrendous system will not make room for our differing beliefs. You will hear all day long people bashing every race, gender, ethnicity, sexuality, and nationality—everything that isn't white-American-straight-male. I had to learn very quickly how to bite my tongue. Calling people out will get you nowhere but hurt. If your beliefs and views are known, that provides more weapons for the maggots to use against you, and some will without a doubt use them. I got called up for this MANY times. I have the word ANTIFA tattooed on my face. I've had to learn how to NEVER take the bait, to keep your ideas to yourself and those you are close with. At the end of the day bro-ing out does less than taking conscious action. I've been very lucky that early on some old heads took a liking to me. It's a very thin line between being tolerated and being battered. Screaming, "kill whitey!" and flipping off Trump, expressing yourself, these small things and big things will catch you some wreck, meaning these bigots will beat you off the yard. The other non-racist whites will NOT risk helping you. The other races won't want to start a



Can I be loved if I fuck up ?!



**CREON:**  
Do you admit this,  
or do you deny it?  
**ANTIBONE:**  
I say I did  
it and  
I DON'T  
DENY  
IT!

race war that gets hundreds hurt to help this one person. Then the folks that get hurt are the folks you are trying to support. There have been times where my ideas got me in a lot of trouble; very many confrontations and disciplining. We must learn how to walk that line of being true to yourself without putting yourself or others in a situation where you're getting transferred, getting put in the hospital, put in the secure housing unit, or SHU. We will never end the fascism of and within the prison walls and system without dancing in the ashes of the prisons. You must keep yourself alive and safe, it is crucial to return to your loved ones and your community.

With all that said, there are always ways to be you, even if they are more coy or low-key than you are used to or prefer. Sometimes just not laughing along to some racist bullshit or agreeing with a horrible comment can say more than any argument or fist could. I have through time found my own way to fight against the racist PSYOP system masterminded by the prison itself. I have found it is important to constantly be conscious and consider the consequences for others when taking actions. In prison, with minimal effort your actions can start a race war. And your actions hurt the folks that you are trying to support. Being anti-fascist for me often looks like respectfully removing myself from any political conversation. Socializing and taking classes taught by folks of other races and allowing that to be a moment to connect and engage in dialogue. For me standing up can mean teaching yoga that includes all people. Sometimes offering a jacket or sweater or

raising commissary funds for someone who is openly gay and being cast out and harassed is a stand that affects the entire dynamic of the unit. Sometimes it means having the ability to give basic supplies to non-racist white guys coming in so that they don't have to take them from the white supremacists. Sometimes it is playing games with other races. Or putting my ego and politics away and letting people of other races vent around me without trying to explain their anger or emotions to them. Being political and antifa does not give me space to try to be their teacher. I sit with Muslims in the library and have my political conversations there (a lot of whites do not like this). My partner drives up to visits with people of other races, forming that unity and solidarity. I recognize a lot of these things may not even be allowed at other spots, or may not even be a big deal at all, but here they allow me to make a big stand against the white race politics. I still read radical books and zines, but I do it in my room, where I do MY time, away from people who live on confrontations, who are addicted to static.

If you put yourself out there verbally, be prepared to stand on it (fight) because you will be challenged and if you're lucky it'll be one-on-one. Small things that happen instinctively can get you in a jam, so it's smart to always be mindful. I've been in jams for laughing at sunken Navy ships, for watching soccer with the Mexicans, for letting a Gay-Black cat in my yoga class...the things that you do by nature may ruffle a lot of



"...and the CRIMINALS with him..."  
-Luke 23:33

⑤

feathers, so we need to be prepared to get called into the cell and defend your actions.

The problems that society faces are magnified in prison. Racism, homophobia, violence, are all very accepted and normalized. Being antifascist in prison means putting yourself in a disruptive position. It can mean some lonely times, limited friendships, and being isolated and disrespected. How you carry it is up to every individual person and situation. Keeping yourself self safe is the number one priority. Doing your time and being true to yourself.



Prison: More dangerous than prisoners

⑥

# ERIC'S STATEMENT TO THE COURT

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
WESTERN DISTRICT OF MISSOURI

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, )  
 )  
Plaintiff, )  
 )  
vs. ) Case No.  
 ) 14-00286-01-CR-W-GAF  
ERIC G. KING, )  
 )  
Defendant. )

TRANSCRIPT OF SENTENCING HEARING  
BEFORE THE HONORABLE GARY A. FENNER  
UNITED STATES DISTRICT JUDGE  
JUNE 28, 2016  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

## FOR THE PLAINTIFF:

MR. PATRICK C. EDWARDS  
Assistant United States Attorney  
Charles Evans Whittaker Courthouse  
400 East Ninth Street, Floor 5  
Kansas City, Missouri 64106

## FOR THE DEFENDANT:

MS. CARIE ALLEN  
Assistant Federal Public Defender  
918 Grand Avenue, Suite 300  
Kansas City, Missouri 64106

Proceedings recorded by mechanical stenography, transcript  
produced by computer

KATHERINE A. CALVERT, RMR, CRR  
FEDERAL OFFICIAL COURT REPORTER  
CHARLES EVANS WHITTAKER COURTHOUSE  
400 EAST NINTH STREET  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI 64106

18

THE COURT: All right. Thank you.

19

Mr. King, is there anything you'd like to say this  
morning?

20

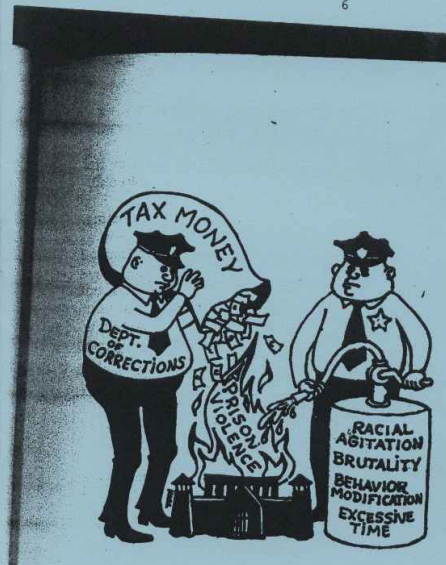
THE DEFENDANT: Yes, sir. There are a few things I  
would like to say.

23

THE COURT: All right. Ms. Allen, would you scoot  
that microphone over so he can easily speak into it.

25

Thank you.



F.T.P.





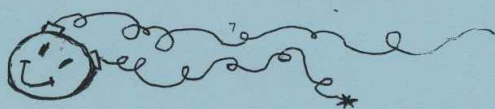
1 THE DEFENDANT: First I'd like to congratulate the  
2 Court on such a stellar job. Another graffiti homeless person  
3 is off the street. So I'm sure the FBI and Patrick are very  
4 proud of themselves. This is a good picture for the United  
5 States and they needed this. This is a solid win. You do an  
6 amazing job up there.

7 This is supposed to be a chance for me to speak. I  
8 didn't speak this entire time. You've held sentencing and  
9 punishment over me, and even now no matter what I say you can  
10 still hold that against me, not let me do things, not recommend  
11 things. That's such a farce. This whole court's a farce.

12 I stated what I did. I'm happy I did it. The  
13 government in this country is disgusting. The way they treat  
14 poor people, the way they treat brown people, the way they  
15 treat everyone that's not in the class of white and male is  
16 disgusting, patriarchal, filthy racist.

17 You're all a part of this. From the man over there  
18 who works the same corporation company that ran Prime Health  
19 Pro (ph) to you that takes away freedom and tears apart the  
20 community. You do that thinking that this is justice. This is  
21 no justice in ripping people from their homes. For what?  
22 Breaking a window? Ten years for breaking a window? And the  
23 cop that killed Freddie Gray got zero? The people that killed  
24 Trayvon Martin got zero? It's so horrendous.

25 And I'm not sorry for what I did. I'm sorry that I



1 got caught before I could do more things. I would have loved  
2 to attack more government buildings and make sure that bubble  
3 of safety that prosecutors and FBI agents and judges feel got  
4 shattered so that they stay in their safe pockets knowing they  
5 can't touch me even though there are consequences to my  
6 actions. Same way we have consequences for our actions. If I  
7 throw a hammer out a window, I get ten years in jail. If you  
8 sentence a first-time offender to life in prison if he sold  
9 meth, you get a clap on the back from the President and a job  
10 for life. And if that's justice, then you're use of justice is  
11 so skewed and just horrendously immoral.

12 Further, this isn't a victory for the State. This  
13 isn't a win for any of you, any of you on this other side of  
14 the table. It's done nothing but affirm my views, affirm my  
15 beliefs that the government is just disgusting. Even when I  
16 walk in I can't tell my wife I love her. I can't look at her  
17 and smile because, what, I broke a window? That's justice?  
18 That's fair? That's not justice. There's no rehabilitation in  
19 that. There's no freedom in that. There's no constitutional  
20 rights in that. It's just bullying. It's just the upper class  
21 saying we're going to keep people who did not agree to our  
22 rules and then decide not to live by them, we're going to keep  
23 those people shackled up so we can live comfortably in our own  
24 little bubbles and we never have to look outside of those  
25 bubbles to realize what's really happening, which this class is



1 set up to keep people down, and when people step out of that  
2 class system, they get punished horrendously, more than any  
3 other country, any other country on earth, the land of the  
4 free. It's despicable.

5 This sentence has brought me closer to the community  
6 I really serve. That's the radical view, the poor community.  
7 It's shown me what solidarity means. It's shown me what  
8 friendship means. It's shown me what love means. It's shown  
9 me what being a real human means, not standing by people when  
10 they're knocked down, not further knocking them down, not going  
11 after poor people if they want to provide for their families  
12 and not do it the way that the white society thinks is  
13 appropriate. You're disgusting.

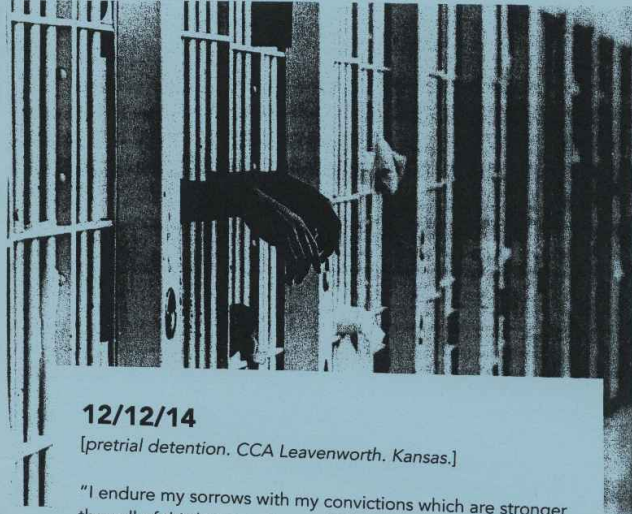
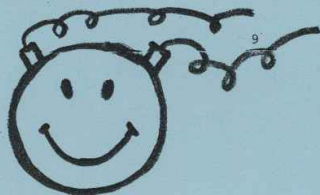
14 Thank you, Your Honor.

15 THE COURT: Mr. Edwards, do you have anything you  
16 want to say?

17 MR. EDWARDS: Judge, I don't think I'm going to  
18 dignify any of that with a response. There is a mandatory  
19 sentence in this case. I would ask that the Court impose that  
20 sentence.

21 THE COURT: Thank you.

22 Well, Mr. King, you obviously have a history of  
23 mental health issues, a history of substance abuse issues of a  
24 significant nature. You are obviously a sick, deranged,  
25 dangerous person. And I believe that you do fully deserve the



12/12/14

[pretrial detention, CCA Leavenworth, Kansas.]

"I endure my sorrows with my convictions which are stronger than all of this human vileness." That quote by revolutionary Spaniard Durruti sums up my current existence. Prison is a disgusting place meant to destroy hope and facilitate despair. Thankfully I find myself comforted knowing that to be a fighter is to suffer the consequences of revolutionary action, and to cower as soon as things begin to suffer is to lose track of what matters most. There is no shame in being locked down for my alleged crimes. The state at every level has been complicit to the destruction of the poor working class both at home and abroad. American workers have forgotten that their time is precious, their labor glorious. So long have wages and benefits been cut, so long have the lower class been vilified that many forget that they are not "soon to be millionaires" but rather horribly exploited. Classism in the states is manifested by the rich and drilled into all of our brains until instead of disgust against a society that allows its brothers and sisters to toil for \$7 an hour, we have disgust for the people doing those jobs! How backwards.

My life goal even back to the early priestly days has been to fight for the poor and exploited: both by fighting against classism, racism, sexism and all oppression. I have witnessed the state at the highest federal level down to the lowest

meaningless commission act in compliance with corporate desires against humans, nonhuman animals, and the environment. To ignore these actions is to put your own boot on the throat of the oppressed. So I await my trial for allegedly fighting against that which has always and will always use its tools to silence dissent and manipulate the masses. To fight against this government is to do the most honorable thing a human can do, to sacrifice what you can, when you can.

I stand behind the comrades in Ferguson, that they may accomplish the great deed of social revolution over a system of decades old institutionalized bigotry, and with the anti-government protesters in Mexico, standing up against the US-backed government run on violence and corruption. My only regret is that I am not able to join in those battles. For me my fight is on the inside now. Overcoming torturous solitary conditions and stimulation isolation. I take great solidarity from those who have come before me in this struggle and those who continue to show me love and remind me what this fight is for.

Please continue to support the causes that fight for dignity and empowerment of the oppressed and exploited over profit. Please support those who saw injustice and could no longer continue to struggle in a non-confrontational form, whose hearts had seen enough suffering to have to defend and lash out in the only ways they knew how. Thank you to

everyone who has sent a letter, funds, books, posted on a website or shown support in anyway. Times like these you find out who your real friends are and what love really means. My spirit won't weaken, 20 years or 1 year, I will continue to give all I have for the liberation movement I cherish more than life. No gods, no masters, no justice, no peace!



"Crime and bad  
lives are the  
measure of a state's  
FAILURE."  
-H.G.  
Wells

There ought to be no jails; and if it were not for the fact that the people on the outside are so grasping and heartless in their dealings with the people on the inside, there would be no such institutions as jails. . . . The only way in the world to abolish crime and criminals is to abolish the big ones and the little ones together. Make fair conditions of life. Give men a chance to live. . . . Nobody would steal if he could get something of his own some easier way. Nobody will commit burglary when he has a house full. The only way to cure these conditions is by equality. There should be no jails. They do not accomplish what they pretend to accomplish. If you would wipe them out there would be no more criminals than now. They terrorize nobody. They are a blot upon any civilization, and a jail is an evidence of the lack of charity of the people on the outside who make the jails and fill them with the victims of their greed.

-Clarence Darrow, An Address to the Prisoners in the Cook County Jail, Chicago, Illinois-1902

INSTEAD OF PRISONS



## ON DRY SNITCHING

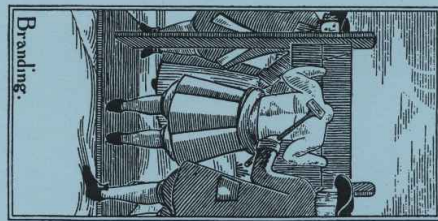
I had never heard the term "Dry Snitching" before coming to prison, but the concept is very clear: it's indirect tattling. Dry snitching is telling on someone in an oblique, roundabout way. That may sound low-key or not a big deal, but trust me when I say that dry snitching will get you hurt—it is fucking hell. If you do this, you are ratting.

Let's say you're not supposed to have pillows in your cell and some pig jams you up, takes your pillow, but no one else's. You, feeling indignant and entitled, then bark at the cop, Why are you taking just mine when everyone has a pillow? You just

dry snitched on everyone. Or the cop is looking for a broom and you innocently inform him, Oh, it's in Joe's room...sounds like nothing, but who knows what was in that room and you just sent the cop there.

In the feds we have emailing and phone usages. Both of these things are always heavily monitored. A slimy and accidental way to snitch on someone in the feds is to email your family or friends about something going on here. You aren't officially telling the cops but you are 100% snitching. Like if you were hating on someone's hustle and you emailed your partner that so-and-so is hustling back onions or something from the kitchen. That dude would get hit for that guaranteed. Ratting. That can seem harmless and just sharing shit with your family, but it could get the kitchen dude jammed up. We can always avoid accidentally dry snitching such as above by **MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS**. Staying in our own lane. This is so important and crucial in prison. It isn't a game. It can prevent so many potentially ugly situations.

Recently I heard of a prisoner purposely dry snitching and it broke my heart and made me feel sick to my stomach at the exact same time. This person apparently felt unsafe with his cellmate, and thought he was in danger. This fucking sucks and is an ugly reality of prison. We have all been there. Being a Political Prisoner doesn't make you immune to the daily grime, violence, and ugliness of prison. No one is going to hand you a pass. We exist and function in the same reality as



everyone else, to think or expect otherwise is classist and gross. Our friend had a handful of options: he could have spoken with and maybe caught problems with his cellmate, could have tried to switch cells, he could have checked in (checking in is when you go to the cops and say you are unsafe and are put in Protective Custody in segregation), whatever. He chose what should have been a non-option. Either by email or phone our friend hit up his loved ones and told them in monitored communication that he was in danger FROM HIS CELLMATE. He did this knowing that the guards would rescue him. This was not an accident. This wasn't his first day in prison. That is ratting. He may have never have taken the stand in a courtroom, but he just put evidence against his cellmate and got them put under investigation. He may as well have had a fucking badge on.

Think of the serious implications of doing this. What if that dude had a weapon or drugs on his property and he got searched or the room got searched, that is extra YEARS to his sentence! What if he was close to transferring closer to home, that would be out of the question now, or if he had a visit coming up, a child's birthday or something like that. Your tattling just robbed this person of that chance to be free for that moment; you just took on the role—no matter how intentionally—of being the police. Your fear was more important than oppressing another human. He may as well have ratted on a comrade or been the person who told the cops where I was staying when I got arrested. That is how it

"Imprisonment as it exists is a worse crime than any of those committed by its victims, for no single criminal can be as powerful for evil, or as unrestrained in its exercise, as an organized nation."

—George Bernard Shaw

(17)

felt to me. There is no excuse for this from anyone, let alone someone that espouses anti-oppression, pro-liberation. Our fear does not give us permission to snitch. You can be proactive in your safety without telling on others. No one in the free world gives a fuck about checking in. By doing this our friend would've got a safe transfer to an easy yard where no one would check his paper work to see what happened, but if he had got sent to another serious joint, he would have had tons to answer for. No one needs or wants those problems. If you believe and live a life of anti-oppression, anti-authority, etc. etc., you cannot tell on other people to better your own situation, at least not in my mind.

On the flip side of all of that, while in pre-trial there may be people who will try and rat on you if they can, hoping to lessen their own sentence at your expense. This is called "jumping on someone's ship," i.e., "Josh jumped on Noah's ship" (just to use two random names). This person goes to the State's attorney and says they will become the State's evidence against you so that they can reduce their sentence. It is something I faced at CCA when I was there. When my plea deal was all but signed my lips got loose and it was brought to my attention that one of the cats I was cool with was trying to talk to them people about getting a reduction, telling them things about me. This made me feel like a fucking cold chump for letting my guard down, for believing in some romanticized "convict's code." There is an inherent desire to talk to people, to share things, maybe to posture and brag.

But pre-trial we need to be so careful with the information we choose to share and who we share it with. The pigs will go to nasty lengths to jam you up, and people get desperate to shave time off their own sentences. Everyone inside is not our friend. Sometimes smiles hide fangs.

(18)



## WALKING AS A TOOL

I walk slowly, always. The state can control where I walk, the space in which I am confined to walking, the people I have to walk amongst, and what times I am allowed to walk outside, but they can never control the speed in which I walk. I choose always to walk AS SLOW AS FUCKING POSSIBLE. Conscious walking, my yogi told me it's called. Doctor Joel insisted I do it, because everything is so fucking fast in prison, everything is rushed. Every movement, every decision, every thought. It

doesn't have to be. Slow down, feel what you are doing, be aware of the movements you are making and the muscles you are using. Understand that by slowing down you are exercising the ultimate control over your body. The government wishes they could do this, that they could control our bodies this way, to contort us into their shape of how a human should be and should perform.

The COs hate this, I get shit for it EVERYDAY. Today I was walking down the sidewalk, right in the middle of it on the way back from breakfast after a really beautiful yoga session. Walking slowly, VERY SLOWLY. I can hear their little golf cart cruising behind me, getting dangerously close. Then I hear the swerve onto the dirt and he goes by within about 7 inches of me. "MOVE YOUR ASS NEXT TIME!" the cop shouts. Nope. We are only allowed to walk on the sidewalk. We are restricted from walking on the dirt, so I will not move for your cart, I will not jump out of the way. Hit me and I win; swerve and I win. I'll move for no cop. When I get close to my unit the disgusting pig officer asks me:

"What's your problem?"

"What do you mean?"

"You hurt or something?"

"Nope, just walking."

"Well next time move it a little faster."

"Is that in the program statement or does it just make you personally uncomfortable?"

"You think you're clever smart-mouth?"

"Clever enough to make you nervous over walking."

Silence. A moment later when I am closer:

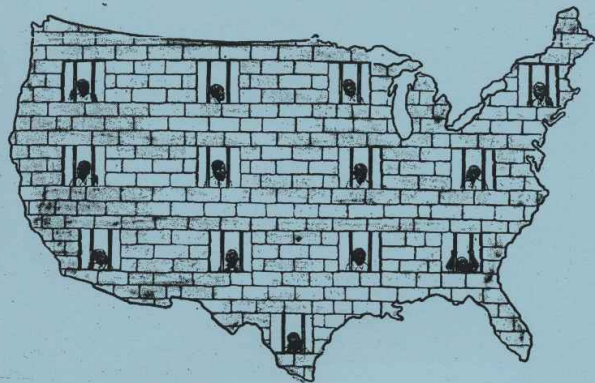
"You're lucky you're not in my unit."

"Would you write me up for not moving at your preferred pace?" "Look dude, walking's not against the law, it's just weird."

"So is commenting on someone else's walking."

This is our power, to control our bodies and our minds. They can only limit so much, despite their best efforts. We must stay constantly conscious of this, their desire to limit us and their desire to pressure us into conforming our actions and thoughts to their acceptability. Not fucking happening. This is our win. Tools can be weapons, not used to attack but to defend. I can defend against their oppression by owning my body, just like on the streets, just like anywhere dangerous. People here think it's weird. I think speed walking because someone in a shirt is pressuring you to hurry is weird. Annoying those who think they control you is a feeling that is unparalleled and one that I crave and succeed in finding on a daily basis. We win through self-control.





## ON BRANDON BAXTER OF THE CLEVELAND 4

*I don't normally write men political prisoners because I have had bad experiences...but I hear you are safe.*

I cannot tell you how many letters I get that open this way. Stories of unwanted sexual conversation, requests for photos, and attempts to start relationships. It is not difficult to not violate women. I do it every day when responding to letters.

"A crowded police court docket  
is the surest sign that trade  
is brisk and money plenty."

-MARK TWAIN

(21)

A question for men in our community: Why are we being such creeps? I remember the first time a female comrade called me out. I was in high school and it was over me being a creep about a facebook picture. I thought I was being funny or cute and made a comment that didn't seem out of line to me at all. She didn't call me out in front of everyone, instead just replied to my message: "Eric I thought we were friends, you are making me feel less." This one sentence stays with me still today because I never again wanted to ever make someone feel that way, whether we were comrades, friends, partners, anything. That sentence changed my entire life because it was the first chance to hold myself accountable, to look at myself and see a chance to grow. We didn't have the language to express what was really happening, I was being a patriarchal creep, that's the reality. But she knew I was making her feel less, and that was enough, that should ALWAYS be enough. That chance to grow didn't end in high school. It didn't end when I turned 20 or 30. This is a continual growth, a continual re-evaluation of what is ok and what isn't. Even now when my partner lovingly calls me out on being patriarchal, I listen and take it seriously so that I don't ever make someone feel "less" ever again. There is no perfection here, there is no finished product, but there is a desire to always do better and to always grow.

What I am seeing right now from certain people and parts of the radical community, the MALE political prisoner



(22)

community, makes me absolutely sick to my fucking stomach. In prison you may find yourself having to do things to survive that make you feel uncomfortable or gross, and that sucks. But there is NEVER a reason to hurt, manipulate, lie to, bash, coerce, trick, or in general be greasy to female supporters (or any supporters really). Being a political prisoner does not entitle you to be a misogynistic, manipulative piece of shit. Having support isn't a license to take advantage of people's feelings or solidarity, to use them for your own purposes. It isn't ok in the streets; it isn't ok behind bars. We need to walk our talk on this issue, at least I do. We need to call out the people who act this way, or think this is ok.

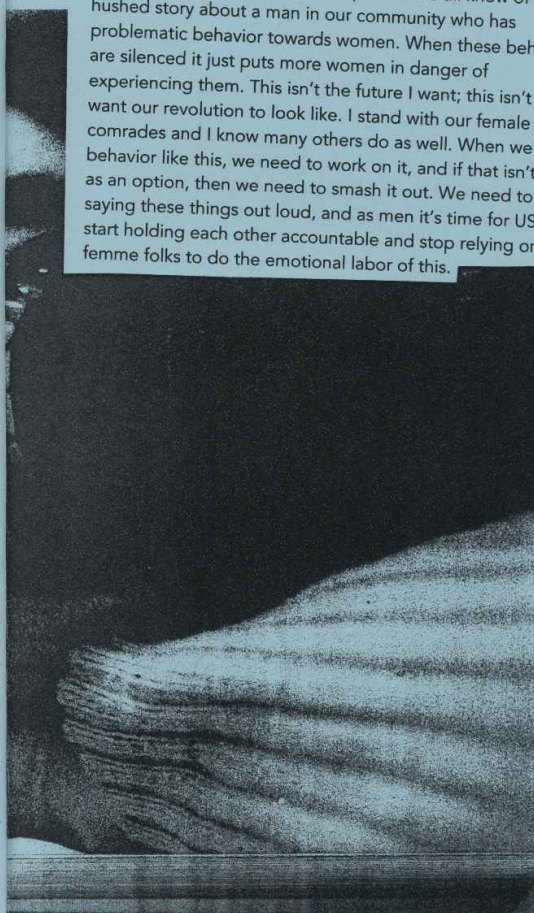
Brandon from the Cleveland 4 has done all those things listed above and more, admittedly and purposely. When given the chance to do the right thing, to be held accountable, not only did he reject those options but instead he chose to victim blame. He has done major harm to different women in the community who tried to support him. And since that is the case, I want nothing to do with this guy. I don't want to be associated with him in any way, and that includes being associated with people who still condone or apologize for him. If you have romanticized prison to the extent to where you think this behavior is okay just because he has been oppressed, then please lose my address.

How we treat each other isn't a game. The women in our community still have to deal with rampant patriarchy and

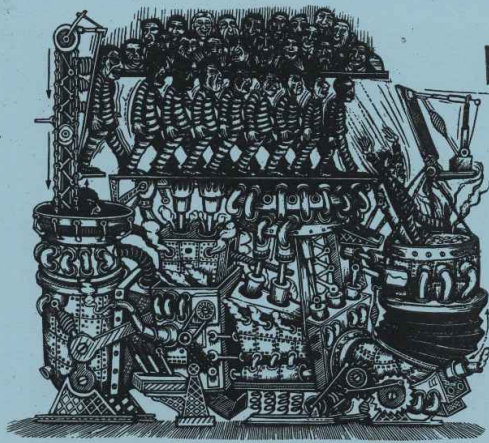
sexism and still have to deal with being called liars and exaggerators when they speak up. I bet we all know of a hushed story about a man in our community who has problematic behavior towards women. When these behaviors are silenced it just puts more women in danger of experiencing them. This isn't the future I want; this isn't what I want our revolution to look like. I stand with our female comrades and I know many others do as well. When we see behavior like this, we need to work on it, and if that isn't seen as an option, then we need to smash it out. We need to start saying these things out loud, and as men it's time for US to start holding each other accountable and stop relying on femme folks to do the emotional labor of this.

—One of the most difficult and one of the most ignored of our social problems is the problem of prisons--a problem...which can be solved only through the abolition of prisons."

--David F. Greenberg, *The Problem of Prisons*



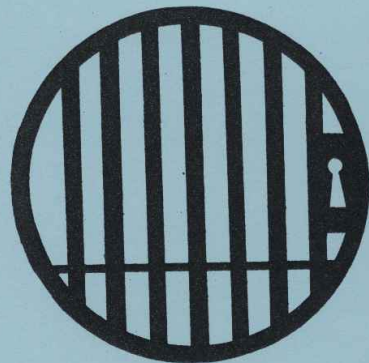




## ON INTROSPECTION

If this is my home, it feels broken into  
where's my warm welcome?  
The family before was beaten and evicted.  
Hard to settle in, hard to get cozy.  
If this is my home, who's misplaced my dishes?  
The silverware is tarnished and rusted,  
shelves sit empty, books besieged.  
Why are there bars on the windows  
and empty bottles in the bin?  
This isn't mine.  
Tear this house down.

It's getting harder to recognize myself, and it isn't only because of the unkempt facial hair mess or the longer-than-comfortable-but-fuck-it mop on top. Everyday I evaluate then re-evaluate my stances, beliefs, and passions. Nothing else to do in here really. Sometimes I get so bored with myself that I force my brain to shut off. Other times my views are so splendidly revolutionary that I swear I will remember them so no need to write them down. Fool. I'm no longer the bubbly jokester or even the positive morale booster. It hasn't even been a year yet. Or maybe I am the jokester but just don't have anyone to joke with. I steadily keep turning further and further inward, caring less and less about the outside world, minus a select few people and places. Thus I can see how the







outside world views prison/prisoners. Not even out of sight out of mind, more; never in sight, blinded to sight. All the more miraculous that there is still some who actually do give more than just predisposed mime concerns towards the plight of prisoners. The amount of true despair, pain, disillusionment, confusion & rage behind these walls is earth shaking, and this is just a federal holding facility! The horrors that await inside county, state & federal prisons is a nightmare that society denies its having, a monster it continually sweeps under the bed hoping the kids never hide under there. It's a pirate's treasure chest filled with forgotten and abandoned souls who have been shown no other way to survive than through violence. We tell kids to listen to the police, the good guys. So when our kids pull guns and fire hopeless and senselessly into another, should we not award them with badges and promotions like they've seen their role models receive? How can we expect to stop things like rape when we teach boys that they're strong and in control and that girls exist just for sex, then use the media to instill that same worthlessness into young girls so much that they're brainwashed to believe it? I don't recognize myself anymore because I used to love calling girls babe & bitch because "It's a term of endearment." I would lie to myself. I had no problem telling someone to "quit being a fag" using the Eminem definition of detachment. I used to buy Nike shoes, buy plain black tees, buy fucking everything to form an identity. Never made anything though, especially not an impact. Consumer tool, like everyone else. "I'm different," I

would say to myself, railing molly off the bathroom counter at a hipster bar. "I talk politics while fucked up. I see this is wrong; I am just doing it ironically." Moronically, more like. Everyone loves being a weekend warrior, showing up for the rally or protest, fuck up some nazis or a brick through a window or two. Then race home to brag about it on tablets and social media. The reason I don't recognize myself much these years is because back then I didn't have a personality of my own. Like many I just reflected back on what I thought about being morally, socially & class conscious meant "Am I doing it right?" When you look in the mirror and the thing opposite you is ashamed to look back, or too high, it's time to re-evaluate yourself and do it quick. I am proud of who I was before my arrest and now after. The mental, social, and physical changes I began making years ago were beginning to manifest. Was I still a tad too emotional? Probably. Was I still a hypocrite? It's a human paradox. But my everyday life had evolved, my relationship with oppressive personality traits have matured, the way I was living was my views actualized. That felt good, real good. Everyone can benefit from some hard evolution. Calling yourself out is hard, yet rewarding, like most difficult things. Nothing feels better, though, than knowing you were living life the way you wanted instead of living the way you thought you should. Lots of improving. Having people around who share ideas, visions of the future, and affinity in reality and not just the obscure ideas, helps make me more honest, more introspective, and more happy.

Keep up the fight,  
in deepest solidarity  
Eric King (A) (///) (V)  
NO STEPS BACK!  
Until All Are Free!



## MEDICAL HORRORS AT FCI FLORENCE

*We would like to say this situation is representative of a bigger problem within the BOP. There was recent information that has emerged that shows that the way the BOP is handling the hiring freeze is to have nurses double as cops. To quote Nurse Hendricks "I am a guard first and a nurse second," and THAT is the problem. In the medical field folks are asked to do no harm. Meanwhile they are asked to partake in the psychological torture that prison guards carry out and—here is the kicker—on the same people they are tasked to keep alive and healthy. One cannot be in charge of the health of a person while at the same time the other aspect of their job is to dehumanize them.*

Since I have been at FCI Florence I have seen some real cruelty and vileness at a level I didn't think was possible, ugliness that would make your skin crawl. No, it wasn't from the gangs or the drug dealers—it was from certain members of the Medical Team. Specifically R.N. Hendricks. Fuck R.N. Hendricks.

Imagine walking out of breakfast at 6:30 AM into the freezing cold mountain air. Once your feet step right outside you see someone wearing scrubs and a smile, and you assume this is a helpful caring person. You are sadly mistaken. Within seconds

that person is in your face literally screaming "SPREAD EM!"—referring to your legs. This person will then proceed to "pat" you down so aggressively you would be forgiven for mistaking this pat-down for an assault. That assault quickly becomes a sexual assault when she forcibly grabs your penis and balls, forces her hand between your ass cheeks, laughing horrifically, muttering to herself, "No one is getting past me today!" This is what life is like for many men at FCI Florence. You may be asking yourself why she is taking this so fucking personal, that is because she sees herself as a "cop first, nurse second, so don't try to fuck with me!"—to which one inmate replied, "that explains the quality of your health care." When an inmate tells her to keep her fucking hands off of his dick, her response is to quip: "Well you shouldn't have come to prison!" before writing up that inmate for having the audacity to not want to be sexually assaulted. Is she looking for knives or escape tools you may ask? Is she doing it to protect herself and her co-workers? Nope, she is looking for extra milks that people may smuggle back to supplement their protein intake. I assure you that no one has ever hid a milk carton in their ass cheeks. Most prisoners held captive here at the FCI have had to deal with this sadistic handsy creep on this level, but some have to deal with her on a much more serious level, and at that more serious medical level Hendricks gets to really express her ugliness and hatred toward inmates.

The amount of horrors that she is accountable for is staggering and hard to put into paragraph form. Inmates with

*[continue on page 35]*

I am persuaded that those who devised this system of prison discipline and those benevolent gentlemen who carry it into execution do not know what they are doing.

--Charles Dickens





# NINE PERSPECTIVES FOR

Perspective 1: Imprisonment is morally reprehensible and indefensible and must be abolished. In an enlightened free society, prison cannot endure or it will prevail. Abolition is a long range goal; an ideal. The eradication of any oppressive system is not an easy task. But it is realizable, like the abolition of slavery or any liberation, so long as there is the will to engage in the struggle.

Perspective 2: The message of abolition requires "honest" language and new definitions. Language is related to power. We do not permit those in power to control our vocabulary. Using "system language" to call prisoners "inmates" or punishment "treatment," denies prisoners the reality of their experience and makes us captives of the old system. Our own language and definitions empower us to define the prison realistically.

Perspective 3: Abolitionists believe reconciliation, not punishment, is a proper response to criminal acts. The present criminal (in)justice systems focus on someone to punish, caring little about the criminal's need or the victim's loss. The abolitionist response seeks to restore both the criminal and the victim to full humanity, to lives of integrity and dignity in the community. Abolitionists advocate the least amount of coercion and intervention in an individual's life and the maximum amount of care and services to all people in the society.

Perspective 4: Abolitionists work with prisoners but always remain "nonmembers" of the established prison system. Abolitionists learn how to walk the narrow line between relating to prisoners inside the system and remaining independent and "outside" that system. We resist the compelling psychological pressures to be "accepted" by people in the prison system. We are willing to risk pressing for changes that are beneficial to and desired by prisoners. In relating to those in power, we differentiate between the *personhood* of system man-

# PRISON ABOLITIONISTS

agers (which we respect) and their *role* in perpetuating an oppressive system.

Perspective 5: Abolitionists are "allies" of prisoners rather than traditional "helpers." We have forged a new definition of what is *truly* helpful to the caged, keeping in mind both the prisoner's perspective and the requirements of abolition. New insights into old, culture-laden views of the "helping relationship" strengthen our roles as allies of prisoners.

Perspective 6: Abolitionists realize that the empowerment of prisoners and ex-prisoners is crucial to prison system change. Most people have the potential to determine their own needs in terms of survival, resources and programs. We support self-determination of prisoners and programs which place more power in the hands of those directly affected by the prison experience.

Perspective 7: Abolitionists view power as available to each of us for challenging and abolishing the prison system. We believe that citizens are the source of institutional power. By giving support to—or withholding support from—specific policies and practices, patterns of power can be altered.

Perspective 8: Abolitionists believe that crime is mainly a consequence of the structure of society. We devote ourselves to a community change approach. We would drastically limit the role of the criminal (in)justice systems. We advocate *public* solutions to *public* problems—greater resources and services for *all* people.

Perspective 9: Abolitionists believe that it is only in a caring community that corporate and individual redemption can take place. We view the dominant culture as more in need of "correction" than the prisoner. The caring communities have yet built.



People in prison thrive on hope. The despair of a life sentence is made tolerable by the hope of change. Tolerable in the sense of there being some small chance of eventual freedom. But that hope of change far too often is used as a control device; people who support the changes are too easily made the system's tools for chiseling that control. As an example, the stress on improved living conditions in prisons loses sight of the reality of imprisonment. Even a *Better Homes and Gardens* bedroom, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year for 20 years, is an intolerable prison.

What is eliminated in prison is choice. What is encouraged is obedience. Bruno Bettelheim illustrated the result when he stated "a prisoner had reached the final stage of adjustment to the camp situation when he had changed his personality so as to accept as his own the values of the Gestapo. . . . Can one imagine a greater triumph for any system than this adoption of its values and behavior by its powerless victims?" Until choice can be freely exercised and caring behavior encouraged, there can be no meaningful change and the "rehabilitation" of "criminals" will only be a system's triumph over the values and behavior of the powerless in our society.

It is not enough just to endorse a movement, support an issue or reach out among ourselves, inside and outside prisons. As abolitionists we must look to the future and examine the long term impact of their present reality. We must be creative and inquisitive. We must understand our direction and abolition must be that direction because the entire system of punishment has failed. Abolition is not a toothache, but a people's right to erase useless waste of human life, time and money.

This handbook can serve as a beginning, but it must be perceived as just that, a beginning. None of the models can work if perceived as an answer to the problems. Diverting lives from imprisonment and punishment can only serve as links in a chain of change. We cannot afford to lose sight of the uniqueness of each individual and the needs that filter thru that uniqueness to create one human life; we must create options and equity.

—M. Sharon Smolick # AF01850



Authorization for Representation  
by the Prisoners' Union  
1315 18th St.  
San Francisco, Calif. 94107

Having jurisdiction over the classification of work done by me.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

Number \_\_\_\_\_ Prison \_\_\_\_\_

Class of Work Done \_\_\_\_\_

Witness

I hereby authorize the agents or representatives of said Union to represent me and to act as a collective bargaining agent in all matters pertaining to rates of pay, hours or employment and all other terms and conditions of incarceration.

Date \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

long histories of seizures have regularly had their dosages reduced by her—without doctors' permission or knowledge—leading to ugly, violent seizures. If you make the mistake of having a seizure on the 2nd tier, you can expect to be carried down the steps not on a gurney, but by 4 members of staff, dragging you like a sack of potatoes.

Inmates with cancer have REGULARLY been denied doctor follow-ups (despite the doctor's request), denied medicine prescribed by the doctor, and had information continually withheld by R.N. Hendricks. There are countless grievances against her for ignoring actual doctors' orders, losing medical inhalers, misplacing medicine, and changing dosages. I know this because I help type many of these grievances, and every time my heart aches for my comrades who have to go through this.

Imagine your brother, father or grandfather has had a doctor order testing for cancer, only to have R.N. Hendricks cancel the testing. Imagine them needing medicine for some disorder, only to have Hendricks change the medicine completely or deny it all together. This ruins lives. Recently she had the goons run into the room of an elderly inmate with colon cancer whom the doctor had ordered to have a walker. Was she racing in to help him? Fuck no; she was taking the walker back, despite the inmate having the approval forms on hand. This is real. This is serious. We have no other medical recourse. How does R.N. Hendricks justify this? *Shouldn't have come to prison.*



Recently an inmate filed a lawsuit against her after he went to the sick-call window complaining of pain and swelling in his testicles and she refused him service. He went back every day and each time she denied him help until it got so swollen they had to remove the damn thing. This isn't shocking to the people inside; we see it happen all the fucking time.

Hendricks is a soulless maggot, but she could not do this without approval or permission from above. She, like every member of this fascist brigade, answers to higher ups. She cannot act alone. She is permitted to do this by the bureaucrats who do not remove her from her post. By their refusal to act, they are not only allowing it to continue, but also condoning the behavior, and why wouldn't they? This is systematic abuse at its finest and this is what the BOP is masters of. The prison shields, protects, tolerates, and accepts her behavior and the literal blood is also on their hands. R.N. Hendricks is an agent of a system that brutalizes other human beings, and as long as this system exists it will continue to act accordingly.

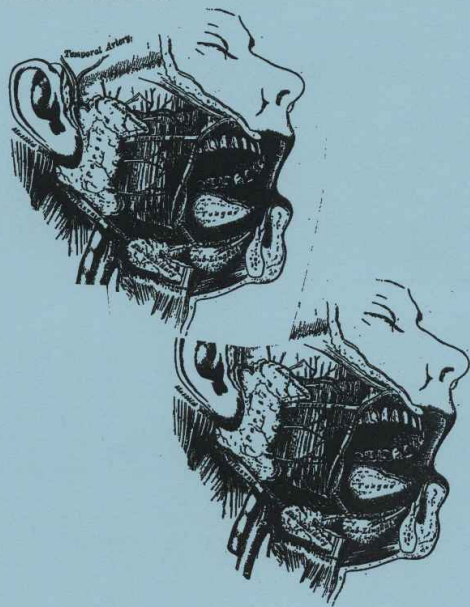
*Fuck R.N. Hendricks. Until all are free.*

#### UPDATE:

I feel it's important that people know that I was called into the Lt.'s office by Lt. Estrada and asked whether I had been sexually assaulted or not. If I said yes I would be placed in Protective Custody and the police would be called and an investigation would develop which would lead to me being shipped. I am not an idiot. If I said yes and then refused to follow-up that is another shot and I would get disciplined for that. I was told to sign a piece of paper saying I was never sexually assaulted by Hendricks. It is important to note that I never said I was, and only pointed out her very aggressive and questionable behavior. I signed that paper and went to visit with you.

Today prisoners still demand medical, recreational, and educational improvement, but it is increasingly common for inmates in prisons to question the legitimacy of their incarceration, and to claim that they are political prisoners in an unjust and corrupt political system.

--Burton M. Atkins and Henry R. Glick,  
*Prisons, Protest, and Politics*



The spirit of the people is stronger than the man's jails.  
My spirit is stronger than yours.

--Huey P. Newton



We want to be human beings, we will be treated as human beings!

--Attica rebel

{ Most images in this zine were culled from  
Instead of Prisons: A Handbook for Abolitionists (1976). }



"I am at the desk, under the full electric glare of a hundred-watt naked bulb, scribbling words on toilet paper." —Ngugi wa Thiong'o



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